

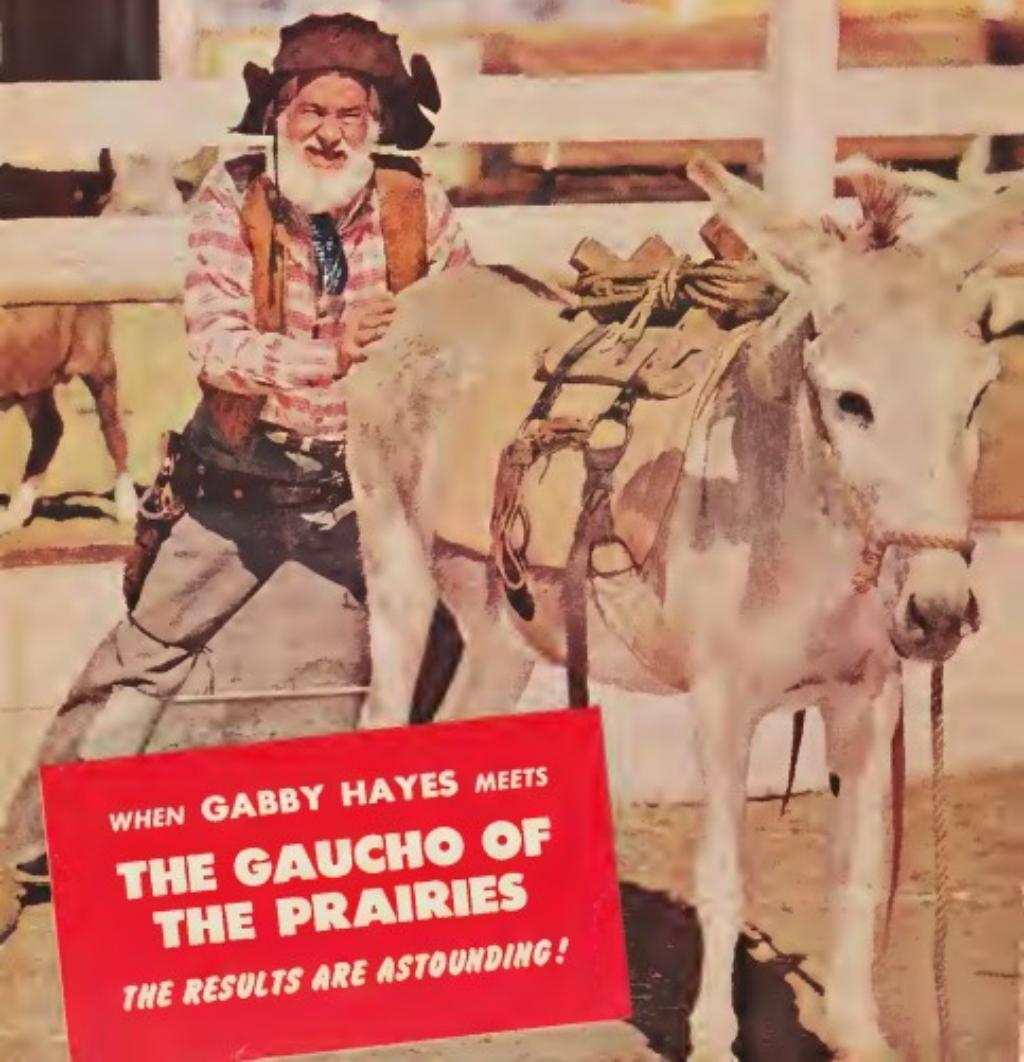
A Fawcett Publication

# Gabby Hayes Western

10¢



AUG.  
NO. 45



WHEN GABBY HAYES MEETS

**THE GAUCHO OF  
THE PRAIRIES**

THE RESULTS ARE ASTOUNDING!



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*Amateurs Only!* Our students not eligible. Make copy or girl 5 ins. high. Pencil or pen only. Omit lettering. All drawings must be received by August 31, 1952. None returned. Winners notified.

**Latest Winner List:** Free course winners in previous contests—from list just released: A. Martell, 408 W. San Antonio, El Paso, Tex.; H. Karsman, YMCA, Milwaukee, Wis.; J. Miller, 7448 N. Sheridan, Chicago, Ill.; Miss E. Chaudier, 10 R. L. E. St., Louis, Ill.; A. Tolimaco, 140 Hayes, R. Boston, Mass.; G. Daniels, Frontier Villa, Cheyenne, Wyo.

### ART INSTRUCTION, INC., Dept. 6122

500 S. 4th St., Minneapolis 15, Minn.

Please enter my attached drawing in your August drawing contest. (PLEASE PRINT)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Age \_\_\_\_\_

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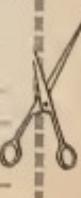
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The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A FAWCETT PUBLICATION.

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Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

*W.H. Fawcett, Jr.* President

# GABBY HAYES

## and THE MAGIC CARPET



WHY DO DESPERATE MEN STRUGGLE AND SCHEME FOR THE MAGIC CARPET? WHEN FAMED GABBY HAYES SEEKS THE ANSWER, HE IS SNOWED UNDER BY MYSTIFYING MONKEYSHINES!



# GABBY HAYES WESTERN



# GABBY HAYES WESTERN



# GABBY HAYES WESTERN



# GABBY HAYES WESTERN

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BARN WALL, BUCK'S MEN WORK THE "MAGIC".

HAW! HAW! IT SHORE IS PLUMB EASY TO SNUFF OUT A CANDLE WITH A BELLOWS!

GET SET FOR THE NEXT ACT ! WE GOT TO HOWL LIKE GHOSTS !



IT'S HAUNTED, GABBY ! LISTEN TO THEM BANSHEE WALES !

HMPH ! SOUNDS LIKE A SICK COYOTE !



BETWEEN, GABBY ! THE CARPET'S GETTING ANGRY ! I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF IT SPIT FLAME !

LIGHT THE TORCH !



HAW ! HAW ! THIS OUGHTA SINCE HIS WHISKERS !



PLEASE, GABBY . DITCH THIS CARPET AFORE IT KILLS YUH ! SOMETIMES IT SPITS BULLETS AT USY FACES !



AMAZING ! IT BREATHES OUT FLAMES LIKE A DRAGON !



# GABBY HAYES WESTERN



# GABBY HAYES WESTERN

ON HIS HASTE, GABBY DRAWS MATCHES FROM HIS POCKET INSTEAD OF HIS GUN!

DINGBUST MY FOOL  
HIDE ! I SET FIRE TO 'EM, TOO !

AND THE MATCHES IGNITE SOME LOOSE GUNPOWDER WITH A BLINDING GLARE !

WHAT IN BLAZES HAPPENED ? I'M HALF-BLINDED !

PWAK !  
I SLIPPED !



GABBY'S GONE !  
I RECKON HE SKEDADDLED !

GOOD !  
NOW WE CAN GET AT THE CARPET !

JASPER HUBBARD DIDN'T TRUST BANKS --- SO HE SEwed ALL HIS GREENBACKS IN THIS CARPET ! THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS !

LET'S RIP IT APART !

HEY ! WHAT'S THAT NOISE ?



DADBURN IT ! FOLKS ALWAYS SAID I LIE LIKE A RUG, BUT NOW I'M RUNNING LIKE ONE !

HALP !

COARDS !  
I'LL STOP THIS FRONTO !

GABBY HAYES WESTERN





INSIST ON "P-F" CANVAS SHOES MADE ONLY BY Hood Rubber and B.F. Goodrich Company

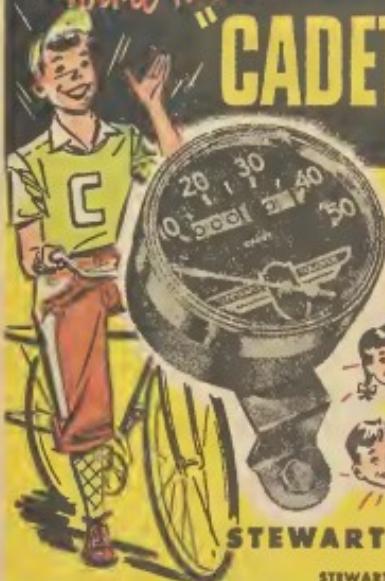


You're the leader...

WHEN YOUR BIKE SPORTS A STEWART-WARNER

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GET YOURS NOW! ADD FUN TO EVERY TRIP!



Neat 'n' nifty—that's the "Cadet." A STREAMLINED honey of a speedometer the'll put more zip in every trip! Get yours now. You'll be the leader. Your bike will be the one to lead... to clock the mileage...

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made of genuine  
vinylite plastic  
that will support 200 lbs!

**NOT SOLD IN STORES**

Similar toys cost \$2.00 or more!



# GOLD RUSHERS



*A Gabby Hayes Tall Tale*

YES, SIR, some of the flames in that there campfire do look like gold, now that you come to mention it. Puts me in mind of the days of the gold rush up to Alaska. Was I there? Balls of fire, I'd be one of the richest hombres in the world today if the breaks hadn't kind of gone against me! Hunker yourselves down into a comfortable setting position and I'll tell you all about Gabby Hayes and the Gold Rush.

I remember it like it was yesterday. Round-up time was over and things were pretty slack at the Bar Nothing Ranch, which I am the foreman of. One day, old Bodkins, who works in the sheriff's office, came clomping up on that bony nag of his and said, "Gabby, they've discovered gold!"

"Where?" I said.

"Alaska!" he replied.

"Well, ask her then, and be quick about it," I said.

He explained that he was talking about the territory of Alaska and how there was enough gold up there to keep all the dentists supplied with fillings from now 'till Doomsday. Bodkins couldn't be blamed for wanting a big, strong, brave, courageous, honest, truthful, fearless fellow like me to go with him.

To make a long story short, I agreed to go and the next thing you know we had reached our destination, right next door to the North Pole. In fact, I shinnied up to the top of that North Pole and stood on my head (no hands) just to give the Eskimos a thrill. But that's another story.

Anyway, I've got to hand it to Bodkins. He was right about there being lots of gold up there. Why, they used gold for cobblestones in the streets and if a cat started meeowing at night, one of them Alaska natives wouldn't think anything of chucking a gold nugget at it. If a man wanted to plant a garden, he could hardly do it because the ground was so full of gold that nothing would grow! And every-

body was so rich, nobody would do any work! Why, those people dang near starved to death because there weren't any poor people to cook the meals and wash the dishes!

Well, as you know, I'm not greedy. I don't think it matters whether a man is rich or not, as long as he's got plenty of money. So I only gathered me up a few tons of this gold, just enough to tide me over in my old age. But that Bodkins, he went hog wild. He gathered up gold 'till he had a mountain of it, 'most as tall as Pike's Peak. That was what caused us our trouble. You could see Bodkins' gold mountain from miles away. And the fellow who saw it and wanted it was the meanest hombre in all the north country, Dangerous Don McGoo.

He came riding down on us with a band of one thousand armed outlaws and he says, kind of sneering, "That's entirely too much gold for you two little men. I aim to relieve you of it. Money is the root of all evil, and I don't want you two to get into any evil." He had a nasty laugh.

It happened I had laid down my gun so I could dig better, but the fact that they were armed and I wasn't didn't stop me! I pitched right in with both fists swinging and knocked out fifty of those men. But Don McGoo got in a lucky punch and I went down for the count.

When I came to, I saw Bodkins lying a few feet away from me, bound and gagged. The gold mountain was gone! I got up and untied him and removed the gag. "They took all our gold!" he sobbed.

"Don't worry about it, pard," I said, trying to comfort the little fellow. "Just hand me that spade and we'll dig us up another mountain of gold in no time."

But then it commenced to snow. It snowed so fast and furious that in less than half an hour the snow was twenty feet deep! You couldn't dig the snow fast enough to get near the ground where the gold was!

## GABBY HAYES WESTERN

Luckily, an Eskimo driving a dog sled came along just then. He hollered, "Taxi, mister?" We clambered onto the sled and he drove us to the next town which was named Doo-Ah-Ditty, which is an Eskimo name, I reckon. Now like I mentioned before, them people up there in the Klondike were all so rich they would've starved if it hadn't been for Bodkins and me. I took a job in the Black Fly Restaurant as the chef and Bodkins was the dishwasher. We each got a hundred dollars a day, plus whatever we wanted to eat, so that was enough to tide us over.

However, I'm a man of action and I was restless being pinned up indoors. I was determined to track down Dangerous Don McGoo and get even with him for robbing us. So after three months when the snows sort of let up, I borrowed a pair of snowshoes and set out.

Bodkins remained behind to act as both chef and dishwasher. Well, sir, I trekked and tracked and tromped and mushed and finally I came upon Don and all his thousand henchmen in the lee of a glacier. They were buried in snow up to their necks and were frozen so stiff they couldn't even raise their hands when I told them to. You see, all this gold they had stolen from us weighed them down so they just sank into the snow and were stuck there.

I got hold of the local sheriff and he came out with a bunch of men and a bunch of sleds and carted the band of outlaws off to jail, where they were thawed out. Naturally, Bodkins and I got all our gold back.

Of course, by then, we were too rich to be a dishwasher or a chef, so we left the restaurant business and figured the customers would have to live as best they could on cold cuts and potato chips. We loaded all our gold onto a ship and headed south for San Francisco.

We had been to sea only about three hours when I heard the Captain holler and groan. Since the ocean was a mite choppy, I thought

nothing of it, at first. I figured the Captain was merely seasick.

Then I happened to look up toward the bridge and saw a familiar figure standing there, with a six-gun in each hand. "Dangerous Don McGoo!" I exclaimed.

"The same!" he responded with a smirk. "I'm taking over this ship and all the gold that's aboard. And anybody who doesn't like it can walk the plank!"

"But you're supposed to be in jail!" I exclaimed. "How'd you get out?"

"They've only got a small jail," he grinned. "There wasn't room for all of us, so they locked me up in an igloo. I thawed my way out!"

I was plumb annoyed to think that an outlaw like him could steal a whole shipload of gold, especially when half of it belonged to me. With a spring I leaped into the rigging and started climbing upward. "Where do you think you're going?" he snarled.

"I aim to furl the tops'l," I responded. "I think a storm's brewing." He didn't know what I meant and neither did I. But when I got high enough, I took a flying leap and landed on his back. He was taken by surprise, but managed to empty both guns. My hitting him knocked off his aim, and all his shots went downward. Twelve slugs bored into the planking and clean through the hull. The next thing we knew, that ship was leaking like a sieve!

**W**ASN'T long afterward that she sank, and that's what happened to our gold. When Bodkins and I reached Frisco, we were plumb tuckerred out. It's quite a long swim. I was even more tired than Bodkins on account of I towed Dangerous Don McGoo all the way. I wanted to make sure that hombre got lodgings in a nice, solid, stone jailhouse!

THE END

Read the riotous GABBY HAYES TALL TALES in GABBY HAYES WESTERN.

# GABBY HAYES

and THE GAUCHO  
OF THE  
PRAIRIES

GABBY, MEET  
PEDRO TAMALE.  
HE'S A FAMOUS  
GAUCHO -----A  
COWBOY OF THE  
SOUTH AMERICAN  
PAMPAS !

HMPH ! UP HERE  
WE DON'T RAMPER  
COWBOYS ! WE'VE  
GOT TO BE  
TOUGH !

SEÑOR GABBY,  
IT IS AN HONOR  
FOR YOU TO MEET  
ME !

W  
HEN THE BRAG-  
GINGEST COWMAN OF  
THE WEST CLASHES  
WITH THE WAIEST  
COWMAN OF THE  
PAMPAS, THE RESULT  
IS A STRANGE KIND  
OF HOMBRE ---  
A GAUCHO OF  
THE PRAIRIES !

HA! HA!  
LAUGHTER  
OVERCOMES ME !  
THE SEÑOR  
CALLS HIMSELF  
A GAUCHO ---  
AND HE HAS NO  
BOLA... ONLY  
A PIECE OF  
ROPE!

HUH ! NO  
COWHAND  
WITHOUT A  
LASSO IS  
WORTH HIS  
VITTLES !

SEÑOR  
TAMALE WILL  
TEACH US HIS  
CATTLE RAISING  
METHODS. HE  
MAY HAVE  
SOME NEW  
IDEAS !

THUNDERATION !  
TEACH ME ?!  
THAT AIN'T  
POSSIBLE !

GABBY HAYES  
WILL OO THE  
TEACHING ! I'LL  
SHOW TAMALE  
HOW A REAL  
CATTLEMAN  
OPERATES !

CARAMBA ! YOUR  
FUNY KNOWLEDGE  
WOULD NOT FILL  
ONE TINY CORNER  
OF MY ENORMOUS  
BRAIN !



# GABBY HAYES WESTERN



# GABBY HAYES WESTERN



# GABBY HAYES WESTERN



# GABBY HAYES WESTERN

CUPPER IS SAFELY HIDDEN FROM AN ORDINARY SEARCH--BUT NOT FROM THE HIGH-PERCHED GAUCHO!

IN THE DEEP GRASS! I SEE THEM HIDING LIKE SNAKES!



OKAY, PARD! I ADMIT YORE GAUCHO STUNT PAID OFF! BUT NOW WE'VE GOT TO ROOT OUT A DOZEN ARMED KILLERS!



WAHOO! HERE'S HOW A COWBOY MEETS A SHOWDOWN --WITH A DEATH-DEFYING CHARGE!

I AM AT YOUR SIDE, SENOR GABBY!



VIPPEEE! SURRENDER OR BE WIPE OUT!

THE HOMBRES MUST BE LOCO! THEY AIN'T GOT A CHANCE!

DON'T KILL GABBY RIGHT OFF! I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO SHEAR THE HAIRY OLE GOAT!



THE DARING CHARGE ENDS ABRUPTLY WHEN THE SPEEDING HORSES RUN INTO A PATCH OF GOPHER HOLES!



SEÑOR GABBY IS TRAPPED IN THE OPEN!



PILE ON, YUH COYOTES! I NEED THE EXERCISE!



# GABBY HAYES WESTERN



# GABBY HAYES WESTERN

BALLS OF FIRE ! PEDRO NEEDS HELP FRONTO -- AND MY ONLY WEAPON IS THIS CONSUMED BOLA !





# YOUNG FALCON

and the MEN  
of MANY  
PEOPLE!

WHEN YOUNG FALCON, DARING LONE HUNTER OF THE WOODS, IS ENLISTED IN A STRANGE HUNT FOR A DANGEROUS AND MYSTERIOUS GUARRY IN THE MEN OF MANY PEOPLE! -

AS YOUNG FALCON MAKES HIS WAY THROUGH THE WOODS AND HILLS ---

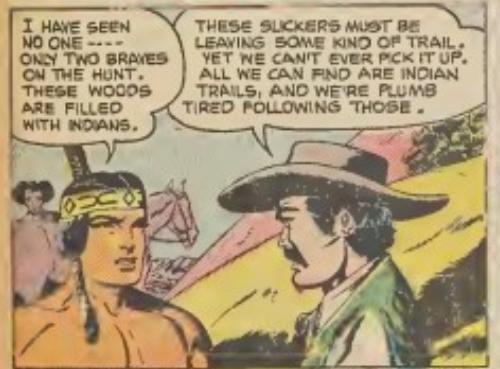
THE GAME IS ELUSIVE THIS MORNING. I'LL REST HERE A FEW MOMENTS.

HMM --- WHAT IS THIS I SEE BELOW? TWO BRAVES, THEY CARRY NO TROPHIES. THE HUNT GOES NO BETTER FOR THEM THAN IT HAS FOR ME THIS DAY.

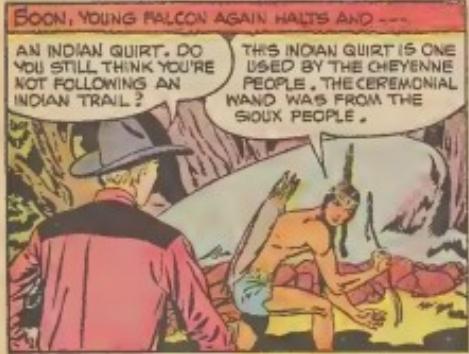
PERHAPS THE AFTERNOON WILL STIR THE GAME!



# GABBY HAYES WESTERN



## GABBY HAYES WESTERN



THIS INDIAN QUIRT IS ONE USED BY THE CHEYENNE PEOPLE. THE CEREMONIAL WAND WAS FROM THE SIOUX PEOPLE.



THERE ARE MANY INDIANS HEREBOUTS, BUT EACH PEOPLE HAVE THEIR MARKINGS, THEIR OWN DESIGNS, COLORINGS AND BEADWORK. THE TRAIL OF A CHEYENNE PARTY WOULD NOT BRING US UPON SIOUX AND NAVAHO THINGS.



# GABBY HAYES WESTERN

THE PURSUITERS HURRY FORWARD  
AND NOT LONG AFTER---

LOOK ----  
THERE ARE  
THE 'INDIANS'  
WE HAVE BEEN  
TRAILING .

GET THE  
COFFEE, JOE .  
WE CAN'T  
CAMP HERE  
ALL DAY .

WAIT ---  
CAREFUL !

I'VE SEEN ENOUGH .  
THOSE ARE THE  
ONES WE WANT . HOLD  
IT, YOU TWO . YOU'RE  
UNDER ARREST .

BUT INSTANTLY ---

SAYS WHO ?  
THAT'S GOT  
HIM, JOE !

OWOOOO !

THE OUTLAWS STEP FOR-  
WARD TOWARD THE FALLEN  
DEPUTY, BUT SUDDENLY ---

IMPOSTERS ! THE  
MASQUERADE  
IS ENDED !

WE'D  
BETTER  
-- WHA---?

YOU MASQUERADE AS AN  
INDIAN --- LET ME SEE YOU  
FIGHT LIKE ONE !

BAM!

OW!

POW!

UUUUH !

UUUUH !

CRACK !

WHAM !

THIS  
IS LIKE  
DOWNING  
TWO GUALS  
WITH ONE  
ARROW !

AND MOMENTS LATER ---

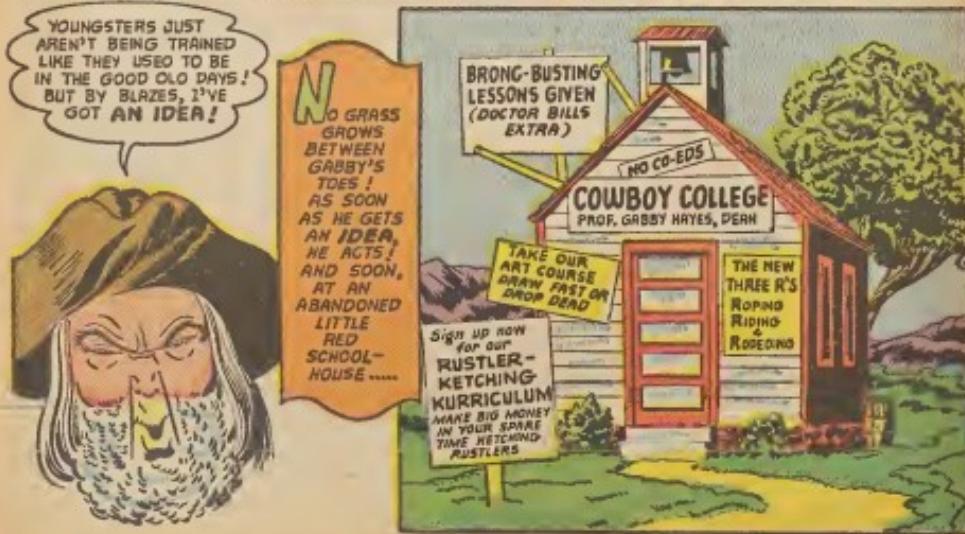
ARE YOU ALL  
RIGHT ?

IT'S JUST MY LEG .  
THE DOC WILL  
TAKE CARE OF  
IT WHEN WE GET  
TO TOWN !

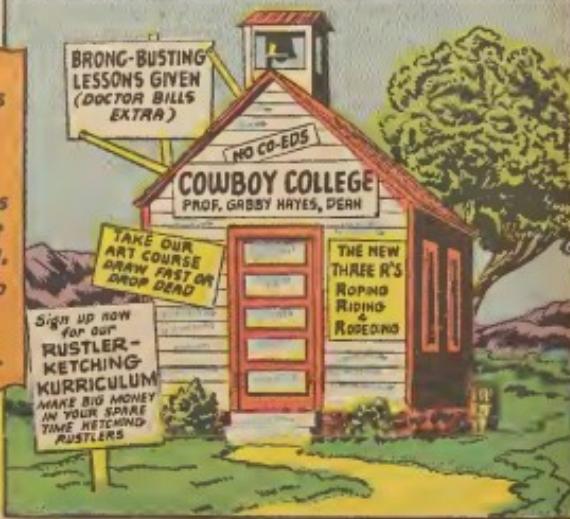
SO LATER, BACK IN TOWN ---

THANKS FOR EVERYTHING,  
YOUNG FALCON . NO WONDER  
MY MEN COULDN'T PICK UP  
THEIR TRAIL . SEEN FROM  
AFAR THEY LOOKED LIKE  
INDIANS AND THEY PURPOSELY  
LEFT A TRAIL OF INDIAN  
IMPLEMENT TO THROW  
US OFF !

HAD THEY TAKEN MORE  
CARE TO LEAVE THINGS  
OF ONLY ONE TRIBE -- I,  
TOO, WOULD HAVE GIVEN  
UP THEIR TRAIL IN ERROR.  
BUT EVIL ALWAYS  
WRITES ITS OWN END !



**N**O GRASS GROWS BETWEEN GABBY'S TOES! AS SOON AS HE GETS AN IDEA, HE ACTS! AND SOON, AT AN ABANDONED LITTLE RED SCHOOL-HOUSE.....



# GABBY HAYES WESTERN



...AND IF THIS COWBOY COLLEGE SUCCEEDS IN PRODUCING A BREED OF HARD-RIDING, HARD-SHOOTING RAMRODS, IT'LL PUT US RIGHT OUT OF BUSINESS! WE MUST WORK TOGETHER TO SEE THAT THE SCHOOL IS A FLOP!



**S**CHOOL OPENS! RANCH OWNERS FROM NEAR AND FAR SEND THEIR "GREEN HANDS" TO TAKE LESSONS FROM PROF. GABBY!



# CHIEF GRAY MATTER

in  
BLACK  
AND  
GRAY



# GABBY HAYES

in  
**COWBOY COLLEGE**

Trouble, trouble for GABBY HAYES, foreman of the Bar Nothing Ranch! There's a shortage of skilled cowboys, and the only men he can hire are as awkward as a heifer on roller skates!

OOH, THESE GREENHORNS!  
THEY'RE ALL BOUND TO GET THEMSELVES KILLED! I JUST CAN'T WATCH!



HEY, YOU HOMBRES!  
KNOCK OFF WHAT YOU'RE  
DOING AND HEAD FOR THE  
TABLE! TELL COONIE  
I SAID IT'S TIME  
FER CHOW!

WHEW! AT LEAST THEY  
AREN'T LIKELY TO GET  
HURT WHILE EATING!  
UNLESS THEY STAB  
THEMSELVES WITH  
THEIR FORKS!

GABBY!  
GABBY!

WHAT'S UP, FRED?  
MORE RUSTLING!







GABBY HAYES WESTERN

**T**HAT NIGHT,  
RUSTLERS  
AGAIN  
RAID  
THE  
BAR  
NOTHING.



**T**HE NEXT MORNING, GABBY FINDS A NOTE FROM THE DARING RUSTLER LEADER!

If anybody from the Bar Nawthing tries to folly us, he'll be kilt!  
mysterious Max

**G**ABBY ACTS SWIFTLY, RIDING TO THE RANCH OF LONGHORN SWIPE!



SLIM, HERE HE IS!  
THE LEADING RUSTLER!  
LOCK HIM UP!

BAH!  
PROVE IT!



SEE, SHERIFF? IT'S HIS HANDWRITING! BESIDES, NOBODY ELSE SPELLS NOTHING AS NAWTHING!

If anybody from the Bar Nawthing tries to folly us, he'll be kilt!  
mysterious Max

You didn't learn me NAWTHING, you big fake!





# YOU GET MORE BBs FOR YOUR MONEY, PARDNER, IN DAISY'S GIANT BB POUCH OF BULLS EYE SHOT!

-Red Ryder

**BB COUNTING SURVEY Proves Daisy Gives**

# **MORE BBs FOR 5¢ →**

Survey Made Feb. 20, 1952

**Count 'Em! Compare 'Em! Ask Dad's Help!** Yes, the 5 CENT GIANT BB POUCH of Daisy Bulls Eye Shot gives you MORE FOR YOUR MONEY! You get more BBs — more shots — more value — more FUN! Bulls Eye is made right in the big Daisy Factory where ALL DAISY AIR RIFLES are produced. Bulls Eye is expertly made to the correct diameter, roundness and smoothness—to FIT DAISY SHOOTING BARRELS! Poorly-made "out of round," rough or over-size BBs may stick and RUIN your Daisy barrel and air tube. Be

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93½ BBs for 5¢ 54 TUBE	98½ BBs for 5¢ 54 TUBE	112 BBs for 5¢ 54 TUBE
150 BBs	157 BBs	112 BBs

BRAND A      BRAND B      BRAND C

**128 BBs for 5¢ in the DAISY GIANT BULLS EYE POUCH**



128 BBs for only 5¢

64 WEST COAST

HIGHER CANADA

ACTUAL SIZE OF DAISY GIANT BB POUCH

Prices higher in Rockies, West, Canada and subject to change without notice.

Do NOT order Air Rifles or BBs direct—SEE YOUR DEALER!

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5500 shot! This famous Daisy repeater holds nearly 1000 BBs! Looks, feels, handles like real Western saddle gun. Realistic full-oval moulded stock, fore-arm. Ask dealer for No. 111.

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ONLY \$5.75

ONLY \$7.98

ONLY \$4.98

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## DAISY GRAVITY-FED REPEATER

Buy this husky repeater! Holds almost 1000 shot. Top performance at low cost. Ask dealer for No. 155.

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# THE TEEN TITANS

Starring  
the  
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Titans



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